

OUR LETTER FROM ROME.

ROME, JANUARY 11, 1878.

Victor Emmanuel, the first King of Italy, is no more. Many believe that signs and wonders in the heavens accompany the birth, the death, and the greater dolours of the rulers of men. When the late Emperor died, the clouds hung black over the Council assembly, and rain poured down in torrents all day. As Pius IX. proclaimed the dogma of infallibility the thunder, re-echoing through the dome of St. Peter's, almost drowned his voice. His reign was ushered in by an inundation of the Tiber, and another inundation followed close on the entrance of the Italian Parliament when Victor Emmanuel opened the first Italian Parliament assembled in the capital of united Italy. The planet Venus, shedding a gentle light, was visible all the day through, and the people hailed the emblem of the House of Savoy. Yesterday was a wild and stormy day. At noon, on the Italian tricolour was blown away from the flagstaff immediately above the room in the Quirinal Palace where Victor Emmanuel was lying, and the mournful rumbling of a distant thunderstorm passed over the city as the dying king lay a last "adieu" to his son and successor. It was not one of those storms which clear the air; it only brought on increased gloom, and the heavens seemed to confirm the feeling of consternation which spread rapidly with the news that the king was dead. To say that the city of Rome was at once plunged into mourning would be an exaggeration. There was a quickening of the fact was known all business was suspended; that within an hour the shutters of every shop were closed; that men even unknown to each other stood talking in groups, or turned to the first corner for information—were only evidences that some mournful event had happened. But above this and predominating all other feelings, even the grief of those who had known the late King personally, was the impression which seemed to have struck all alike that a great calamity had befallen the country. I saw many a stern eye wet with tears, and heard many a strong voice tremble with emotion, but all without distinction gave expression to the thought that the death of Victor Emmanuel at such a time as this was a serious misfortune to the country. No one could exactly tell you why. Whatever change of Government—if any—may take place, no serious political crisis can be anticipated. There is no reason to think that King Humbert will be likely to urge his Ministers to depart from that neutrality Italy at least professes the desire to observe, nor are there any grounds for supposing that he will prove less staunch to constitutional principles than his father was before him. But he is a kind, cheerful, and affectionate father, one must believe, whatever gossip there may be notwithstanding. The last thing heard of the little Prince of Naples is that he sits every day at his father's feet and translates Miss Yonge's "Little Duke" to him, and tells his governess that "Papa will be dull if I don't read the Little Duke to him," and when he does not do his music lesson well he hugs his teacher and promises her his best toys if she will give him the ten good marks required, but Papa should be displeased. We know that serious study was Humbert's chief occupation, and that he was a diligent worker, and few around him older and more experienced men than himself certainly with no anticipation of so soon ascending the throne. There is no reason to doubt his proving a good king, but nevertheless a deep conviction exists and is expressed everywhere that Victor Emmanuel's death is a serious calamity. Within half an hour after the king had expired a dense and almost silent crowd—for no one spoke above a whisper—had gathered in front of the Quirinal. A general impulse seemed to have turned the steps of the whole population, and particularly of the men, towards the Palace. Looking from the Monte Cavallo steps down the Via del Uffizio, nothing was visible but a black mass of people moving slowly up the incline. They passed into the Piazza, stood some time silently staring at the walls of the Palace they all knew so well, no one expecting to see anything they had not seen a thousand times before, and then moved silently away. The only place where there was anything different from the general stupor was at the telegraph office. There, all was activity; crowded together at the tables were noble ladies, newspaper correspondents, business men, and priests, all avidly writing the same intelligence, their places quickly taken by others as they rose and pressed forward to get their dispatches off as quickly as possible; while all the time people with their telegrams ready written were hurrying in and joining the number standing before each of the receiving clerks. Among those with whom I had to take my turn was the first secretary of the Japanese Legation, scarcely behind any of the others in waiting off the news. This morning again the crowd before the Quirinal was the same as yesterday. I did not gather there as crowds generally assemble, but standing in a respectful semicircle before the gateway.

I had some difficulty in making my way through them into the great courtyard, where I was fortunate enough to find General Medici pacing up and down. He pressed his hand, and without a word led me across the quadrangle. We entered the double glass doors at the further end guarded by the Royal Cuirassiers, and passing through two ante-chambers and a library, in the centre of which was a stand of arms with above them the banner bearing the memorable dates of September 20 and October 2, 1870, presented to the late Majesty by the Roman people, he conducted me to the foot of the bed on which the dead King was lying. But for the waxed pale of his face, so different from that of colour he had in life, I might have supposed he was asleep.

JANUARY 10, 1878.

Although the last illness and death of King Victor Emmanuel struck all Rome with consternation from the abrupt suddenness of the stroke and rapid termination of his glorious life, it would seem that he had, for some space of time previously forewarnings of the coming end. His Majesty caught cold about Christmas, but according to his hardy habits, neglected the proper care necessary to his state of health, although he complained of unusual debility, and on October 20 of the State reception at the Quirinal Palace on New Year's Day, there was an evident depression of spirits, interpreted as containing an allusion to the gloomy aspect of the political horizon of Rome.

Notwithstanding, however, the growing

feeling of illness, Victor Emmanuel made a hasty journey to Turin, where his wife, the Countess Mirafiori, lay dangerously ill. On his return journey he felt so chilled while in the train that not all the shawls and travelling rugs heaped over him were sufficient to keep him from shivering. He remained at the Quirinal Palace and abstained from hunting, and that he considered "nursing himself." But on Friday, the 4th, he was out driving on the Pincia and along the road leading from the Porta del Popolo to the Ponte Mammolo, and was seen by the people, looking stout and bronzed as usual. Perhaps his colour was higher than common, because the excessive chilliness had given place to feverishness. On Saturday, the 5th, the King had purposed going again to Turin, but on that morning he became so seriously ill that he was obliged to return to his bed. His Majesty was attended by Dr. Bruno, Sagliano, and Baccelli—the latter a Roman physician much renowned for his treatment of malaria fever, with which the pleuro-pneumonia the King was suffering from was complicated. The malady proceeded on Sunday without alarming symptoms, but on Monday morning, the 7th, startled public attention, and many persons felt a presentiment of what was coming, particularly as the illness was of the same nature as that which had twice before brought the stout soldier-king to the brink of the grave. No one, dreamed, however, that the end was drawing near so speedily. The Princess, now Queen Margherita, was sitting that same evening watching the play of her little son, Prince Victor Emmanuel, who tossed his drawing-room ball of soft wool about, and having knocked it in the face of a lady of the court, was ordered by his mother to ask pardon on his knees. On Tuesday, the 8th, the King was taken by the doctors as serious, but not alarming, although it transpired that the King was slightly delirious, wanting to go to hunt—to go to Turin, and that his breathing was laborious. The change for death came on at 4 o'clock a.m. on Wednesday, the 9th. The doctors in attendance, convinced that the King was growing rapidly worse, caused Prince Humbert to be summoned, and informed of the approaching catastrophe. In order to alleviate the painful breathing of the royal sufferer, oxygen was administered to him by inhaling, but it was thought necessary for Dr. Bruno to inform King Victor Emmanuel that he was approaching death. "Twice, your Majesty, have I in past years had to warn you of death, might be well to receive the consolations of religion." The King, without any appearance of surprise, turned his eyes on his doctor and said, "I am then very ill?" The doctor, himself much affected, spoke encouraging words to the King, asserting that his advice was by way of precaution. "Let them come," said the King again, in his native Piedmontese dialect. The King's private chaplain, the Rev. Cavaliere d'Azunio, then proceeded to the parish church of the Quirinal, San Vincenzo Anastasio, at the Fountain of Trevi, to ask the parson for the consecrated elements, and on this subject various rumours are flying to the effect that Pius IX., who certainly sent two of his chaplains, Monsignor Conati and Marinelli to offer the last comforts of religion to the dying King, caused the Cardinal-Vicar to consecrate the sacramental symbol. At 10 o'clock Prince Humbert was alone with his father for half an hour; when he left the room to give place to the chaplain, the Prince expressed strong hope that his Majesty's condition could not be so desperate as it was said to be, so calm and collected had the King shown himself in that—his last interview. Soon after 12 o'clock, the King having commended his soul to his chaplain, the priest, which it may not be amiss to insert in this place, although interrupting a little the general narrative it is my melancholy task to write.

"I die in the faith of the Catholic Church. I ask pardon of Pius IX. for whatever offences I may have given him in his person. I am conscious of having committed any wrong towards the Church. I have done what I could to procure and maintain the unity of Italy." To return to the sad story, then: Soon after 12 o'clock, the Royal Prince and Princess, and all the Ministers and grand functionaries of the Court, entered the room in procession, carrying wax torches, and accompanying the sacrament, borne as customary by the priest beneath his embroidered robe, an attendant holding over it a silver canopy. Through the ante-chamber, the servants of the Royal household, kneeling in the outer room, and all in tears, could behold their dying sovereign, who received the viaticum. The King collected all his remaining strength to raise himself into a sitting-posture as the priest approached, and reverently bent his head. After the sacred rite was over, he turned a glance round on all in the room, and with his hand made a faint sign of farewell. After this the room was cleared of all but Prince Humbert, and his half-brother Count Mirafiori, the doctors, the Prime Minister, Signor Brin and Correnti, and the King's aides-de-camp. His laboured breathing was again relaxed, and he turned slightly on the left side, and at 2.30 he breathed his last quietly. Prince Humbert and Count Mirafiori, kneeling at each side of the bed, a quarter of an hour elapsed, when Dr. Bruno extracted the Prince to leave the room, remarking aloud, "His Majesty lies calmly repelling like one whose journey is over, and who has only to rest from his finished work."

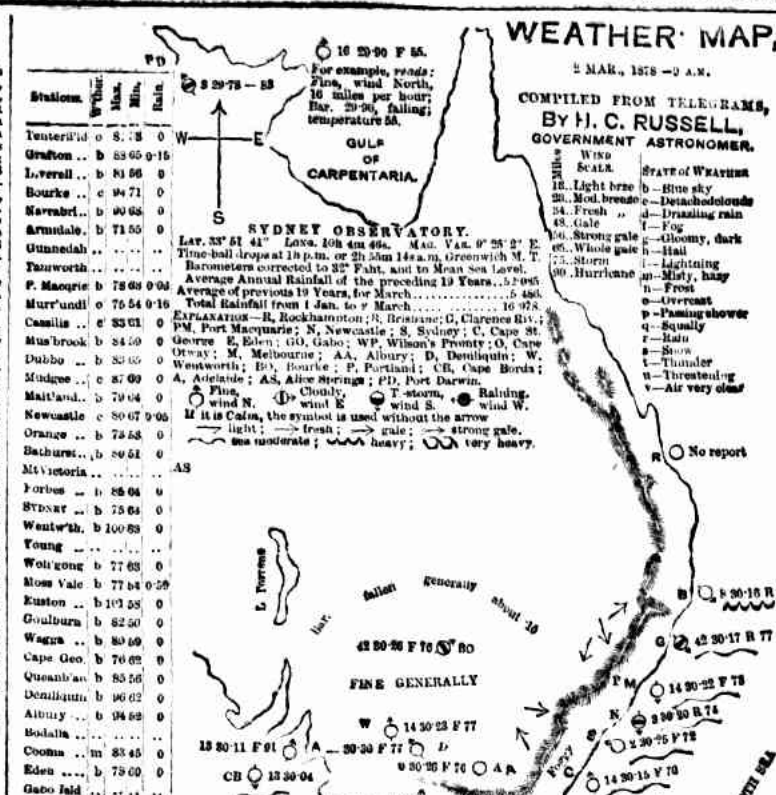
At 6 o'clock the same evening, Queen Margherita visited the chamber of death, and knelt in prayer beside the royal corpse, which was not to be touched until the arrival from Venice of Signor Teichio, the President of the Senate, and who did not reach Rome until 10 o'clock p.m. the following day. The body was covered with the white bed-quilt, all but the face, which, as I saw when I was permitted to enter the bedroom the next morning, as I have said, composed in a calm gravity, bearing no trace of suffering, but changed from the reddish bronze hue we had been accustomed to see, to marble whiteness. The bed, a simple camp bed of iron, with a plain blue silk lining at the head and foot. There were four large wax candles burning round the bed, a small table or altar stood at the feet, on which was a crucifix turned towards the corpse, having at each side a lighted candle, and the chaplain attended reciting prayers continually.

When the President of the Senate, an old man, who had to be assisted, in great grief, out of the train, had certified the king's death, and the necessary formalities had been gone through, the new King Humbert's permission was obtained to enshrine the royal corpse. But Humbert refused to suffer his father's

body to be mutilated. In this he was supported by his brother Prince Amedeo, who although he had travelled in hot haste from Turin, did not reach Rome until after the King had expired. The physicians then told the prince, that in order to arrest decomposition, as the dead king was to be in state three days, it would be necessary to inject corrosive sublimate through an incision in the back of the neck. To this King Humbert consented, and preparations were made for the lying in state in a Chapel Ardenne, in the great hall of the Swiss guards, an enormous ante-room to the Palace Chapel and State apartments. This great room has been hung throughout with crimson velvet. The catafalque is raised thirty feet above the floor, and the grand canopy which towers above it is supported against the wall of the former Pontifical chapel. This canopy is formed like a great crown, and from it hang draperies of crimson velvet lined with white silk, spotted with black to represent royal arms. A thousand wax candles blaze around in bronze and silver gilt candelabra. The ascent to this couch of state is by a broad flight of stairs, carpeted with red cloth. At 9 o'clock on Saturday morning the remains of Victor Emmanuel were carried from his apartment on the ground floor of the Palace across the courtyard and up the grand staircase to the Chapel Ardenne, above-described. I was there to see the solemn procession, which was not public, but only witnessed by about a hundred persons, for the most part connected with the Royal household. It was a pathetic sight to see the simple soldier's bier—its burden covered, however, with a red velvet pall, not stretched in state, but laid over the corpse like a cloak—carried by eight stalwart Cuirassiers in glittering armour, from the chamber of death to the catafalque. The last time the subjects present in Rome were to see him for the last time, the morning was like the weather since the King's death, gray, still, and chilly. At 10 o'clock precisely the first shot of the 101 cannons which were to be fired during the day announced that the funeral procession had started. First appeared a cavalry regiment, then a battery of artillery; next came infantry regiments, amongst which King Victor Emmanuel's favourite Alpine Chasseurs were particularly admired. The companies of Italian marines, sailors, midshipmen, made a goodly show. It is impossible to describe all the innumerable personages and dignitaries who walked slowly past. The grave Judges of the Courts of Appeal and Cassation, in their black robes, with their white collars, and Titian-like robes of crimson velvet, rich lace, and antique hats. It is beyond my power to impart the impression made by beholding such endless numbers of generals, field-marshal, special envoys, and foreign princes filing slowly past in most gorgeous uniforms, and covered with knightly decorations recalling centuries of noble deeds and imperishable histories. The interest increased as the personages who came in sight were those who immediately preceded the funeral car. The royal chaplain, the reverend Cavaliere d'Azunio, walked in the ranks of the King's military household; he served as military chaplain in the Crimean war; the parish clergy of S.S. Vincenzo ad Anastasio followed, the curate bearing a golden crucifix, and the rest carrying lighted wax torches. And now came six grand figures, Prince Amedeo, as chief mourner; Archduke Rainer of Austria, the Imperial Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Eugene Carignan of Savoy, and the young Crown Prince of Portugal. There was a breathless silence in the crowd, and all heads were uncovered when General Medici having ridden past bearing the King's sword on a velvet cushion, the funeral car advanced, drawn by eight superb horses, each caparisoned with a black girth mantle, and wearing on their heads rich black and white plumes. At each horse's head walked a royal groom in deep black, with cocked hat and powdered hair. Within the car could be seen the coffin, covered with crimson velvet and ornamented with gold. The car was literally buried in wreaths of flowers, laurel wreaths, carnations, and roses, which were showered from the windows as it passed; and many a hand in the crowd threw flowers, which when they failed to reach the car were carefully handed on by the soldiers on guard. Immediately following the funeral car, came the famous Iron Crown, which had been brought by train from Monza, and accompanied by the chapter of that cathedral, which has for centuries had the guardianship of this precious symbol of Italian Sovereignty. It is a plain circlet of thin iron, said to have been beaten out of one of the nails which bound our Saviour to the cross, and was worn first by the Emperor Constantine the Great, over his helmet. The iron is covered by gold plates studded with antique gems. Next to the iron crown there came pacing the old war-horse of Victor Emmanuel I have mentioned. The royal carriages followed, and the grand old galleys of the city of Rome came next, attended by the servants in quaint liveries of crimson and yellow which have not been altered in cut since the 16th century. These wonderful old carriages, which have figured in many a Roman gala during the last thirty years, also received a few flowers for their venerable selves, as they were all empty, the Syndic and Municipal Council having passed long before on foot. Countless deputations and guilds followed, carrying splendid banners. My eyes ached in reading the names of the different bodies who, from many cities of Italy, had sent their representatives. At last another regiment of cavalry closed the procession, and the artillery waggon which had stood all the morning in the Piazza di Spagna filed off, taking the steep road up the Pincia. The multitudes in the street began to move, some to attempt meeting the procession again by one of the cross streets leading to the Corso, and some to disperse in search of rest and food after several hours' stand for the purpose of seeing the last solemn pageant in honour of their well-beloved King Galantuomo—as it passed on its way to where he is now resting in the Pantheon. Notwithstanding the many differing opinions expressed for and against the Pantheon, closed the procession, and the artillery waggon which had stood all the morning in the Piazza di Spagna filed off, taking the steep road up the Pincia. The multitudes in the street began to move, some to attempt meeting the procession again by one of the cross streets leading to the Corso, and some to disperse in search of rest and food after several hours' stand for the purpose of seeing the last solemn pageant in honour of their well-beloved King Galantuomo—as it passed on its way to where he is now resting in the Pantheon. 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MELBOURNE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Wool.—Over 1500 head shown forward for the week's sale, including all of prime Gippsland and Western stock, and a large quantity of the country districts. The country districts are being sold in consequence of the late season of the stock, and the demand is very good. The country districts are being sold in consequence of the late season of the stock, and the demand is very good. The country districts are being sold in consequence of the late season of the stock, and the demand is very good.



WEATHER MAP.
COMPILED FROM TELEGRAMS, BY H. C. RUSSELL, GOVERNMENT ASTROLOGER.
Central Depot—123, Pitt-street North.
Three Winds have received telegrams from the Exhibitions of Paris, London, Vienna, Dublin, Philadelphia, and all the International Exhibitions, they have received the leading points.

FALLON'S CELEBRATED ALBURY WINES.
Central Depot—123, Pitt-street North.
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STREET BROTHERS.
TIMBER MERCHANTS AND SAWMILL PROPRIETORS.
STREETS WHARF, SUSSEX-STREET, SYDNEY.
Agents for: PANPOOLAR, MANNING RIVER. ERNEST CARTER AND CO'S. STEAM SAWMILLS. WATKINS, Richmond River; and for: M'GILL, LUTY, and CO. STEAM SAWMILLS. Brisbane and Ipswich.

HOUSES AND LAND FOR SALE.
L. AND ON THE TIME-PAYMENT SYSTEM.
CHARMING VILLA, WITHOUT INTEREST.
THE PICK OF SUMMER HILL ESTATE.
These choice Villa sites are near the city, charming views, improving locality. Price low, Terms: title, few good crops for business purposes. Take notice of the terms. Fifty-eight monthly instalments, without any interest or expense of title; no fees, fines, or attorneys.

ENGLISH TRADE CIRCULARS.
AUSTRALIAN PRODUCE.
MEATS, OILS, RICE, AND CO.
During the past fortnight the market has been quiet, the spot has declined to 6d, being 6d per cwt. lower than the last week. There is a moderate demand for the spot, and the market is quiet.

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PRODUCE PROVISIONS, ETC.
J. FENNEL'S Office and Store, opposite Railway Gate.
S. Flour Mill, Sussex-street, near the Haymarket.
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